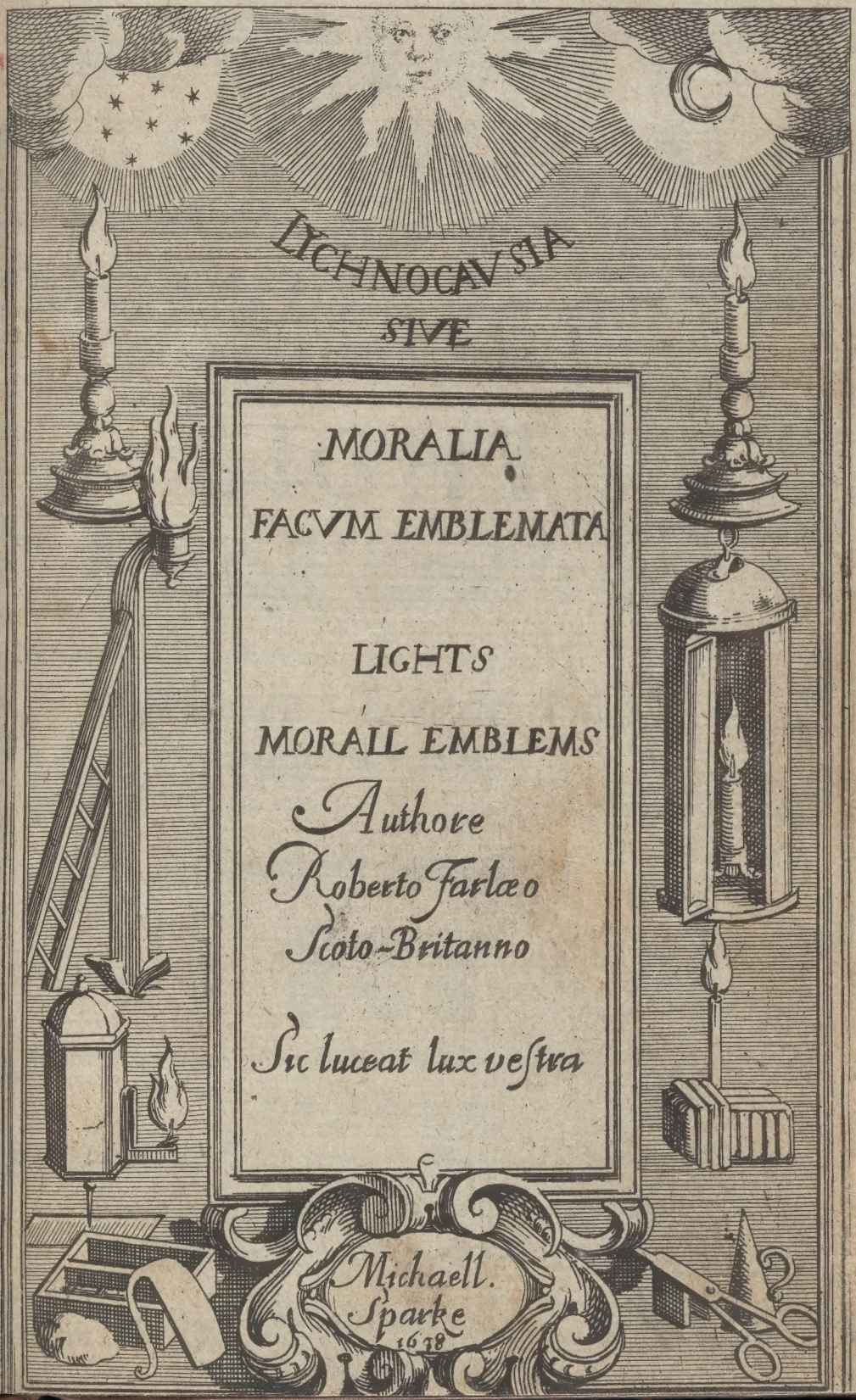
J. Carter, MA. FAS.

The Frontiſpeece.

LOoke to the Sunne thus in his glory bright,
To Moone, to ſtarres, from thence who borrow light;
Then thinke on Heav'n; for God the fountaine there
Of light, vnto his Saints his light doth ſhare.
¶ Looke to the candles below, they upward tend
Vnto the light, which never ſhall have end;
And ſo the Saints, on Earth, can never ceaſe
But flutter upward, till they ſee Gods face.
¶ Looke to the Beak'n and Lantern, and thence learne
To ſave you, when a true friend doth forewarne.
¶ Then ſhall your Lamp ſhine bright, your wax ſhall burne,
Till death your aſhes ſhall to moiſture turne.
¶ Th' Extinguiſher and Snuffers which are by,
Tels thee O man, that ſometime thou muſt dye;
¶ And leaſt thou ſhouldſt in darkeneſſe ſtill remaine,
The Tinder box will light thee once againe;
But ſnuft from all corruption ſhalt thou be,
And ſhine with God and Saints eternally.

In me lux *a me lumen*



LICHNOCAVSIA
SIVE

MORALIA FACVM EMBLEMATA

LIGHTS
MORALL EMBLEMS

Authore
Roberto Farlæo
Scoto-Britanno

Sic luceat lux vestra

Michaell. Sparke
1638

LYCHNOCAVSIA
sive
MORALIA FACVM
EMBLEMATA.

LIGHTS
Morall Emblems.

Authore *Roberto Farlæo*
Scoto-Britanno.

Sic luceat lux vestra &c.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Michael Sparke Iunior*, and are to be sold at the blue Bible in *Greene Arbor*, 1638.

Lychnocausiam, sive Moralia hæc facum emblemata perlegi, & digna judico, quæ luce à typis acceptâ publicentur.

Feb. 10. 1638. Tho. Wykes, *R. P. Episc. Lond. Capell. domest.*

NOBILISSIMO ET *Illustrissimo Domino omnifariæ* Virtutis & Pietatis studiis *Ornatißimo,* Dom. *Roberto Karo Comiti ab* Ancram, &c.

Nobilissime Heros,

PRo temerario & inconsulto cēnsear, qui Tibi pietatis Hyperioni, Nobilitatis jubari, & omnigenæ virtutis Lampadi, faculas hasce, quæ lumine & splendore tuo obsuscabuntur, offero: Verum Clementia Tua & gratia, ut spero, veniam dabit; Aquilæ enim more ingenii mei fœtum exploro; qui si Solis radios sustinere possit, ut meum agnoscam & tollam, sin minus, ut spurium & nothum reiiciam.

Stellæ quæ Heliacè occidunt, Heliacè etiam oriuntur, eædemq; Sole longius remoto, nullum nisi a Sole mutuum Lumen ostendunt: tædulæ hæ nostræ, quæ ad vultum tuum propius accedentes tenebrarum instar caligant, simulac longius expatiatæ fuerint, scintillas, quas a te mutuas habent, mortalibus conspicuas præferent.

Ea est Solaris sideris benignitas, ut animalia, plantas & sublunaria quæque calore suo foveat:

tanta tua (Nobiliſſime Mæcēnas) ērga mē (alios prætereo innumeros benignitatem tuam expertos) communi clade deprehenſum, comitas & gratuitus favor extitit, ut non ſolum ingenium, ſed Genium & quicquid meum eſt tibi in perpetuum mancipatum profitear.

Dii Tibi ſi qua pios reſpectant Numina, grates
Perſolvent dignas ———

Ergo ne ingratitudinis impiæ condemnēr, hoc licet tenue, ſincerum tamen, grati & devoti animi ſymbolum Nobilitati tuæ conſecro; Speroq; me, ſi non thure & hecatombis, farre tamen pio & fitillâ, ut Deo, ſic tibi veræ Dei ſoboli litare poſſe.

Kare Caledonios inter digniſſime Divos,
Nobilitatis apex, & Pietatis Honos;
Chara Dei ſoboles, & Regi fidus Achates,
Vnica muſarum cura, meumque decus.
Nam ſimul a vultu diſceſſit muſa ſereno
Noſtra Tuo, faciles repperit uſque deos.
Oppida quum paſſim decimaret ſontica febris,
Funderet & totas Parca ſevera domos.
Pieridum quum turba gemens, triſtiſque fileret,
Eiicerentque ſacras clauſa *Lycæa* Deas.
Ad Te confugit triſtis mea muſa patronum,
In Terris ſenſit Te mea muſa deum.
Ergo Tibi ingentem dicit rediviva ſalutem,
Vitam, quam dederas, hanc vovet eſſe Tuam.
Mactus vive Heros annis & mactus honore,
Deliciæque ſoli, deliciæque poli.
Donec Cœlicolûm turmalibus additus, ipſum,
Quem colis hîc, cernas, ignis in arce, Deum.

Nobilitati Tuæ devotiſſimus.

Robertus Farlæus.

To the most Noble and Illustrious Lady, both for Nobility and Piety, as of Vertue a rare and peerlesse example, Lady *Anne Kare*, Countesse of *Ancram*.

THe Lizards eyes the face of man amazeth,
Looking on which the more and more it gazeth:
When I your heaven-infused graces view,
Madam, my sense amazed stares on You.
Heaven tempers so its gifts in You alone,
As that all graces seeme combin'd in one;
When I do homage to Nobility,
Straight on it doth reflect Your piety;
So earthly glory and that of heav'n begun
Makes You a glorious object like the Sunne,
Which darteth forth so many rayes of light,
As that they dazle this my scantling sight.
In You great *Iunos* stately majestie
Is fraught with Christian love and charity;
You have, what vertues learn'd *Minerva* hath,
And for her *ægis*, you are arm'd with faith:
What's *Venus* beautie to Your sacred face,
Which is the Physiognomie of grace?
If for the golden apple there should be
A strife amongst the goddesses; To thee
Let *Paris* give it, so he surely shall
Please all the three, Your selfe being more than all.

Your Honours humble, and most devoted to serve you,
Robert Farlie.

To his friend the Author.

I Need not praise thy Booke: No more to tell,
Then that it Pictures hath, will make it sell:
Bookes gaudy, like themselves most do now buy,
Fine, trim, adorned Bookes, where they may spy
More of the Carvers than th' Authors skill,
And more admire the Pencill, than the Quill:
Pamphlets, whose Outsides promise, they may finde
What may their Eyes feede, rather than their minde:
Nay now adayes who almost doth behold,
One booke without a gaudy Liv'ry sold:
E'ne Poetry it selfe is at a stay,
For all it's Feet, if Carvers mak't not gay.
But as for this thy Worke (my Friend) Divine,
Which no pen worthily can praise, but thine.
It wants no Sculptill Art, to set it forth,
Twill fast enough away, with its owne worth.
Tis hard to say, whether the Muses traine,
Or else the Graces, most in thee doe raigne.
Thy Pen was well employ'd: bring it to sight,
Thy Phansie's Waighty, though thy subject's Light.
Who, that thee knowes not, ever would surmise,
That out of *Scotia* such Light should arise?
Goe forward, and the Muses so thee love
That thou a second *Buchanan* maist proove.
How subtile is thy stile! in holy Writ
How vers'd thou art! How fluent is thy wit!
About the Virgins Lamps, while thou dost toyle,
I'le say, thou hast not lost labour and oyle.
Fame shall herelight her Torch, and thy name blaze
To after ages, which no time shall raze:
Thy Candle shall outshine the Sunne; it's rayes
Shall not obscure their Light, nor yet thy praise.
The purblind judgement of the Criticke rout
Shall never this extinguish without doubt;
To snuffe it with their censures them allow,
Twill brighter shine, they shall not it out blow:

Iohn Hooper.

To the Author.

HEroes bright lampe, which ſhe on *Seſtus* ſtrand,
Set up to be a marke, by which might land
Her lov'd *Leander*, when he croſt the Sea
Of *Helleſpont*; long ſince was out, and we
Onely enjoy its fame, the light is gone,
And tow'r is buried in oblivion.
Th' *Ægyptian Pharos*, which was fam'd to be
The worlds ſeav'nth wonder, in obſcurity
Lyes ruin'd, and that multiplicit light,
Once to the Marriners a Sunne by night,
Is now extinct; for tis decreed by fate,
What Art doth reare, that Time ſhall ruinate:
Nay holy Writ aſſures, at the laſt day
The ſtarres ſhall fall from heaven, the ſunne decay,
The Moone be turnd to blood, thoſe which God made
Firſt moſt reſplendent lights, at laſt ſhall fade.
¶ But thy Lights moſt tranſcendent, can no hand
Of Time or Fate (which all things elſe hath ſcand,)
Put to theſe Lights an end, for theſe ſhall be
Bright ſhining Tapers to Eternity.

Chriſtopher Drayton.

To the Author.

THat I may tell the world how I admire
Thy well-pend Flames; one ſparke of that fire,
Which warmes thy learned breſt, beſtow on mee,
I, then a Poet, would dare ſpeake of thee.
If I ſhould write thy praiſe, when I have done
I hold a Candle to the flaming Sunne
I thinke thy towring Muſe a Starre hath reach'd;
Or elſe a Beame from bright *Apollo* fetch'd
To light each Taper by; for their pure flame
Doth well aſſure us, it from Heaven came.

William Povey.

To the Ingenious *Author*, on his *Latin* and *Englisſh* Morall *Emblems*.

TWo Lights within two ſeverall Spheares were hurld,
In the divided *baos* of the World,
When like an *Embryo* this whole Maſſe of Clay,
Before the *Fiat*, yet imperfect lay.
And being brought to birth, by him whoſe power
Hath all Eternity; and yet no how'r:
The day was ſubject to the Nobler light,
And to the leſſer did obey the Night.
So in this Midwifery of wit, by Thee
Delivered, two lights, two Subjects be.
Thy nobler Roman ſtile to day-borne men
Children of Arts, directs thy Latin pen.
And that the duller ignorant might ſee,
They have a Mother-Moone begot by Thee;
Thine as Gods creatures ſerve to leade the way
To him that gave a night, ſucceeding Day.

Tho. Beedome.

In laudem doctiſſimi Authoris.

QVis hic refulgens aureâ comâ nitor
Perſtringit oculos? Phoſphorus reddit diem
Scotiæ. Georgius Camænarum decus
Deuſque cecidit, Heſperus docti chori:
Farlæe tu reſurgis, & novum jubar
Promis renati Phoſphori. Scotia tua
Iam nocte nullâ mœret, accendis faces
Cælo æmulas & prævias cælo, negas
Tenebras polo Arctoo, Camænarum decus
Deuſque lucis Phoſphore docti chori.

Edm. Colemannus

Britanniæ Luminaria Magna.

Æternas jactet quantúmvis Perſia flammas,
Veſtalem oſtenta Roma ſuperba focum.
Lux cecidit dudum in cineres flammæque focique,
Hæc ſecum Imperii vaſta ruina trahit.
Tranſtulit in Noſtram Numen duo Lumina Terram,
Solem Perſarum, Romuleamque Deam.

Britaines Great Lights.

PErſia thy Eternall fire is come to nought,
The Veſtals flame is ſpent, more than *Rome* thought.
Both fires are gone with Empires: Heav'n above
Gives light and power to them, who Heav'n doe love.
Into our Land two Lights are now transfer'd;
The *Perſians* Sunne, *Romes* Veſta are interr'd.

Durabit Splendor.
ACADEMIA OXONIENSIS
FELICITATIS ET SAPIENTIÆ
This Light ſhall endure.

Oxonia.

VEsta tua est semper (Veneranda *Oxonia*) Βίβλος,
Quæ *vesta a stando* ritè vocanda fuit.
Divino hinc *triplicem* meruisti jure *Coronam*;
Lucis, non auri est illa *Corona triplex*.

GReat *Oxford*, Thine the Bible e're hath beene;
For firmely standing *Vesta* it is seene,
Hence threefold Crowne, Thou hast deserv'd by right;
That's not of Gold, but of Empyrean Light.

Cantabrigia.

DExtra tenet *Solem*, lustrat qui lumine mundum,
Lævaq; cœlestis *pocula* fundit aquæ.
Hæc *palmas* rigat astantes, quas pondera nulla
Frangunt, quæ victrix demeruere decus.

MY right hand holds the *Sunne*, my left doth show
The *Cup*, from which true light and Nectar flow;
These cherish so the *Palmes* of Victory,
That they are trophees of Eternity.

Propino vobis.

Drinke of this Cup.

To the Reader.

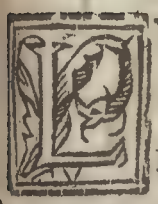
SInce Courteous Reader, this our course is one,
Well overtaken, you shall not passe alone:
You saile this sea of life, and so doe I;
Unto the Haven of Heaven we both doe hye;
But harke you, least in darkenesse we doe stray,
Here be some Lights for to direct our way:
Torches and Candles, and if the wind doe blow,
Here with a Lanterne safely we may goe;
Make use of these, untill you come to shore,
Where we shall have Heavens Light for evermore.

ROBERT FARLIE.

Sursum.
Vpward.

Morall Emblems.

I.



VX mea Cœlestis sursum petit, hausimus inde,
Fons ubi perpetuas luminis auget aquas.
Qualia in immensum decurrunt flumina pontum;
Hauserunt fontes unde fluenta suos.
Ponderat ad centrum terræ ceu labile saxum;
Emicat ad superas sic mea flamma domos.
† Gaudia, deliciæq;, gulæ studiosa voluptas,
Auri non animam pondera multa tenent.
Nulla quies animæ est, sursum quæ semper anhelat,
Donec ad Authorem venerit illa suum.

MY light from whence it came, mounts stil on high
Vnto the source of light that's never dry.
Like as the Rivers to the Ocean runne,
From whence their secret fountaines, first begun;
Like as the stone doth to the center sway;
So to the Spheres my light still makes his way.
¶ No joyes, delights, and greatest weights of gold,
Nor pampering pleasure fast our soule can hold,
The panting soule rests not, untill it see
His maker God, a Tri-une Deitie.

Quo animula.

Whither my Soule.

2.

O Anima, an noſtri te tædet? quas petis oras?
Mene fugis? quæ ſit dic mihi cauſa viæ?
Tu mihi jampridem conſors benè juncta fuiſti,
Et comes, et noſtri corporis hoſpes eras.
Quamdiu res ſteterat nobis, tu fida manebas;
Tempora nunc quia ſunt nubila, ſola fugis.
Anima. Hic captiva tuæ veluti cuſtodiæ adhæſi,
Et quà ducebas, ire coacta fui.
Exul eram patriâ; tandem cuſtode remoto,
Libera viſo meos, te pereunte, Lares.
¶ Corporis atque animæ vinclum divellitur ægrè;
Sed tamen ad cineres hoc redit, illa Polum.

ANd loth'ſt thou me, my Soule, loving to goe
Elſewhere, I pray thee whither, let me know,
Was thou not all this while my deereſt mate,
My gueſt, my convoy, conſort in eſtate;
While I did floriſh, thou didſt conſtant prove,
My times are darkned now, ſo is thy love?
Soule. Here as a captive to a keeper, ſo
I tyed was with thee, at liſt; to goe,
Baniſht from home: loe now my bonds are looſe,
Thou dy'ſt, I glad runne to my fathers houſe.
¶ Soules bond with body hardly maketh breach
Yet this doth dye, and that Heav'ns dwelling reach.

Hinc mihi ſordes.

Hēnce commeth my filthineſſe.

3.

PVra fui quondam auricomi Titanis alumna,
Et purâ nitui virginitate putâ.
Purior Eoæ gentis quam chara ſupellex,
Purior & flammis, clare pyrope, tuis.
Purior & fulvo, flammâ explorante, metallo,
Quod jam ſeptено tempore flamma coquit,
At poſtquam impuro malè ſum conjuncta marito,
Cœperunt ſordes illius eſſe meæ.
† Scilicet impurus temerat puriſſima tactus,
Vicinique lues inquinat ipſa mali.
Corporeis anima hæc ſimul eſt immerſa tenebris,
Incipit a puro degener eſſe polo.

SOmetimes I was the brood of Gold'n-haird ſunne,
More pure, more chaſt, than *Veſta's* watchfull nunne,
Purer than Eaſterne gemmes, than Saphirs bright,
Purer than Ophirs gold, than Rubies light,
Purer than Pactols gravell often try'd
In fire, and furnace ſeven times purify'd:
But ſince the fates to greaſe did me combine,
His filthy dregges are judged to be mine:
¶ For why conjunction doth contagion make,
And from th'impure the pure infection take.
The ſoule once plung'd into the body darke,
Forgets it was a chaſt and divine ſparke.

Quam numerosa Lux.

How great a Light.

4.

VNica fax poterit tenebras dispellere noctis,
At referet clarum fax numerosa diem.
Vnica sic Solis Lampas nunc lumine mundum
Lustrat, quà medium terminat axe polum.
Myriades Solum multæ si lumine terras
Spargere jam possint, quæ foret illa dies!
¶ Filius at Cœli, quando jus nube serenâ
Dicet, depositum reddere busta jubens.
Corpora Sanctorum toties tot mille resurgent,
Aurea quot purâ sidera nocte micant.
Illa dies tantâ dispellet luce tenebras,
Sentiat ut tenebras postea nulla dies.

ONe candle dispels the darkenesse of the night,
And many doe resemble *Phœbus* light:
One Sunne illightns the round globe every where,
What way th'horizon bounds the hemisphere:
If you ten thousand thousand Sunnes should see
At once, O what a day light would that be!
¶ When Christ amidst the clouds our doome shall plead,
When Earth and Sea shall render up their dead
Saints more then starres at once shall mount on hye.
As glorious Sunnes, to meete Christ in the skye.
That day shall drive away the darkenesse so,
That after that, no day shall darkenesse know.

Ille

Diogenis Lucerna.

Diogenes Lanterne.

5.

ILLe fuit cui pera penus, cui dolia ſedes,
Nare ſagax, mores ruſticus, ore latrax.
Diogenes medio accenſâ ſub ſole lucernâ,
Rimatus ſanctum dicitur eſſe virum.
Explorant aquilæ pullos ad lumina ſolis,
Explorat mores fax taciturna hominum.
Namque diu perſonati, rectumque fidemque
Mentitâ præ ſe ſimplicitate ferunt.
Sed tacitæ nacti tranquilla ſilentia noctis,
Oſtendunt mores tunc, ſine fraude, ſuos.
Is felix, quem Sol, & quem fax vidit eundem,
Coram teſte probus, qui ſine teſte pius.

WHoſe purchaſe was his pouch, his houſe a tun,
Criticke of actions whatſoever done,
That learned dogge, at noone-tyde tinn'd his light,
Searching for one, whoſe actions were upright.
The Eagles young ones by the Sunne are try'd,
Mens actions by the lamp are beſt eſpy'd;
For men in day time maskt with vizards goe
Of truth and faith making an outward ſhow.
But when they can nights ſecret ſilence find,
Before the lamp they doe unmaske their mind.
Happy is he whom Sunne and Lamp ſees one,
Who's honeſt ſtill, though witneſſe there be none.

Tollitur

Non sub Modio.

Not under a Bushell.

6.

TOllitur Ætherias Lampas Titania in arces,
Quo magè subjectos lumine lustret agros.
Gloria conspicui sic est illustrior astri,
Quà patet in cunctas Ætheris aula plagas.
Nec condenda mihi modii sub pondere cæci
Lux est, nec latebris inijcienda domus.
Suspendenda altè ut noctem funalia vincant,
Clarius & jaciant tecta per alta jubar.
¶ Vos quibus Æterni lux est concredita verbi,
Tollite jam vestras gentium ad ora faces.
Ut qui Cimmeriis gaudent habitare tenebris,
Agnoscant almum gratiæ adesse diem.

Titans day-burning lamp is set on high,
The more to light'n the Earth from saphir sky:
His beames more glorious and conspicuous shine
From East to West, from South to midnight line:
My light you must not under bushell put,
Nor in a chinky corners prison shut;
That lights may cleare the chambers all throughout,
They must aloft be hanged round about.
¶ You holy Priests, to whom the word of light
Is trust, advance your torches in the sight
Of mortals, shew them who in darkenesse dwell,
The narrow way that leads to Heaven, from Hell.

Parvis componere magna.

To compare ſmall with great things.

7.

LVX mea si exhilarat taciturna silentia noctis,
Obscuri lustrans gaudia cuncta laris,
Aurea si Phœbi, si lux argentea Lunæ
Hæc noctem jubare illuminat, ille diem.
Quanta erit Empyreæ lux non effabilis arcis,
Quum cernent ipsum lumina nostra Deum.
Tu citius poteris dextrâ comprendere mundum,
Et conchâ excipias vitrea magna maris;
Dicere quam poteris, quæ lucis gloria Cœlo est,
Quæ Solem obscurat, videri, & omne jubar.
Hoc tantum dicas; non lux est aurea Phœbi,
Non Phœbes lux est, stelliferæq; domus.
Sed quam lingua nequit, quam mens describere lucem
Cernes: Æternus lux erit illa Deus.

IF thus my light nights sable silence glads,
Making a cheerefull roome in midnight shads;
If Gold'n-like *Phœbus* and his silver sister,
He in the day, shee in the night doth glister;
What thought-surpassing light then shall that be,
When we in Heaven Empyrean God shall see?
Sooner thou canst the world hold in thy hand,
Or in a shell containe the glassie strand;
Than tell how glorious is the light of Heaven,
That dark'ns the Sunne, Moone, Stars, and Planets seven:
This onely tell: it is not *Phœbus* light,
Nor *Phœbes*, nor the spangles of the night.
That light which tongue cannot, nor mind descry,
Once shalt thou see, a supreame Diety.

Sola Lux mihi laus.

Onely Light is my praiſe.

8.

LVX anima est faculæ Cœlesti e semine ducta,
Pingueq; pro fragili corpore sumen habet.
Dædala quod gnari pictoris dextera fucat,
Cœruleum flammis addit & arte, decus.
Nil pigmenta juvant, solus sed luminis usus,
Laudat; ad hunc finem lux fabricata fuit.
¶ Mens est mortali vitam quæ sola beatam
Efficit, & sobolem nos probat esse poli.
Quid bona Fortunæ, quid avitæ gloria gentis,
Corporis & robur, forma decusq; juvant?
Mens nisi sit ratione potens, atq; Æthere nata,
Corpus & hoc nostrum Spiritus intus alat.

LIght is the Torches life of heavenly kind,
Thus to a fraile and greasie masse combind,
To which the Painter beauty doth impart,
Giving it glosse and colour from his Art.
The painting's nought, light doth the Torch commend
Which first was framed onely for this end.
¶ It is our mind that doth our life approve,
Shewing our race derived from above.
Blind Fortunes goods, kins generosity
Youths strength, and beauties curiosity
Make not, unlesse the spirit doe us season
With that Heav'n-bred sparkle of divine reason.

Parce, aliàs fruere.

Spare me now, ēnjoy me hereafter.

9.

GRata tibi mea lux, quando nox ingruit atra,
Et replent tacitas nubila cæca domos.
Sive juvat doctæ vigilem fuligo lucernæ,
Seu ductrix pensi sedula poscit anus.
Pervigil occiduo sum succedanea Phœbo,
Donec pernoctem de statione vocat.
¶ Parcito jam nostræ lucis dare fœnora Soli,
Sæpius & lucro tu potiere meo.
Si tenuis fuerit tibi res, huic parce subinde,
Instar & Attalicæ conditionis erit.

MY Light is pleasant, when the night doth gloome,
And pitchy darkenesse lines the mourning roome;
Whither thou lists *Cleanthes* smoake to blow,
Or if the Matron like to twist her tow.
When *Phœbus* setteth, I watch centenall
Vntill he from my station doth me call.
¶ Spare me, lend not my light to *Titans* ray;
So shalt th'enjoy me when there is no day.
If thy estate be meane, husband it well,
And it *Attalick* wealth shall parallell.

Vita Mihi Mors.
My Life is my Death.

10.

QVatuor in noſtrō regnant primordia rerum
Corpore, diſcordi conſociata jugo.
Omnia ut ad noſtram veniunt concordia lucem,
Non minus ad noſtram ſunt & amica necem.
Terra ſtruit pyram, flammæ me præparat aer,
Naturæ flammam vis fovet uda meam.
Non niſi conſumor, do lucem; luce liqueſco;
Lux eadem vitæ cauſa neciſq; meæ.
Iäpetonidæ culpa hæc, qui lumen Olympi
Mortali poterat conſociare luto.
¶ Corporis & noſtri nativus deficit humor,
Innato ſuccus quando calore perit.
Vivendo morimur, moriendo vivimus: ipſa
Quæ lucem donat, dat quoque vita necem.

FOure Elements in this my body are
All yockt in one, yet ever ſtill at warre;
As all agree to nouriſh this my light
So to my ruine they combine their might:
Aire maketh way for flame, Earth builds a pyre,
My moiſture feeds the ſtill conſuming fire.
Still as I ſhine by light, by light I dy,
As cauſe of life, ſo of mortality,
It was *Prometheus* fault who ſtole away
Heav'ns fire, and joyn'd it to his mortall clay.
¶ Moiſture doth heat, and heat doth moiſture quale,
That dryes our body, this makes it dampe and fraile,
That which doth give, doth likewiſe ſpend our breath;
The firſt of being, is firſt houre of death.

Mihi noceo, alijs prosum.

I do good to others, I hurt my self

II.

FOEneror hanc aliis lucem, consumor & ipsa,
Augeo quæ damnis lucra aliena meis.
Pernocti vigiles quot duco lumine noctes?
Sæpius in primâ Lux mea luce perit.
Aeriis quoties fio ludibria flabris,
Prævia per cæcas ire coacta vias.
Siquid sit turbæ, furvæ & grassatio noctis,
Ad me itur; vitæ sum malè parca meæ.
Discere quod nequeunt hominum pars maxima, discas
Auxiliari aliis, ipsa nocere mihi.
Lex est, naturæ sed lex contraria nostræ,
Omnes quæ memores admonet esse sui.
¶ Impiger hostiles trudens se Codrus in enses,
Profuerat patriæ, prodigus ipse animæ
Pascit & implumes animâ Pelicanus alumnos,
Incolumes servat pastor & æger oves.
Mortaliq; suam gaudens profundere vitam
Ipse Deus passus, ne pateretur homo, est.

WHilst I give light to others, I decay;
I lose my selfe, whilst I to others play:
I watch all night with an unsleepy eye,
And oft, before the day doth dawne, I dye:
How oft am I by blustering *Boreas* mockt,
And lightning others, I my selfe am chokt;
If tumult, or a night assailing be,
I am employ'd, no rest, no peace for me:
What most of men neglect, that I observe,
To succour others, though my selfe should starve:
A Law but not of nature, which directs
All of themselves to have the prime respects.
¶ *Codrus* the King, his Country to defend,
Much like a Prodigall his life did spend;
The Pelican to feede her plumelesse brood,
Doth lance her breast, and straine her purest blood,
The watchfull sheepherd seldome seeing sleepe,
Directs, and keepes from wolves his straying sheepe:
Even Christ himselfe, the Sonne of the most Hie,
Did suffer death, least mortall man should die.

Aut ſplendore aut ſitu conſumor.

Either by Light or mouldines I die.

12.

HInc me Scylla rapit, premit hinc me dira Charybdis,
Ambiguiq; urget vis nocitura mali.
Ocia blanda sequens, carie & rubigine cœcâ
Consumor multo debilitata situ.
Sin radiis nitidas lustro rutilantibus ædes,
Extinguor flammis mox liquefacta meis.
Durum; sed levius reddit patientia : lucem
Expeto, quâ splendens utilis esse queam.
¶ Plena laboriferis sunt vitæ tempora curis,
Enervant animos ocia dira leves.
Hæc intemperiem generant, & robora frangunt,
Aſt curæ mentes anxietate necant.
Sed tamen est melius mediâ quam vivere sorde,
Virtutis claro lumine posse mori.

NAture propounds a dilemme, chuse I must,
Either to dye by light, or rot by rust :
If I seeke ease and rest, then lasinesse
Doth me consume with mouldy hoarinesse;
But if I love to shine with glorious ray,
Then by my flames in teares I melt away.
Patience doth light'n this evill: I wish to live
In glorious light, and light to others give,
¶ This life is worne out with laborious toile;
And slothfull rest doth minde and body spoile;
But yet it's better for to dye a sparke,
Than like a laizie moule to live in darke.

Sedula

Sic perire miserum est.

So to dye is miserable.

13.

SEdula de pingui me dextra liquamine finxit
Artificis, luci ut tæda parata forem.
Jamq; mihi restat rutilas assumere flammas,
Quando opportuni temporis hora vocat.
Ecce ruunt mures cœci e penetralibus antri,
Turbaq; me multo stridula dente petit.
Ante diem morior, nondum cui vivere cessit;
Fœdaq; dentati soricis esca cado.
Do lacrymas moriens, nunc indefleta recumbo;
Nulla, vel hæc fati sors peracerba mei.
¶ Sic cadit in cœcis uteri penetralibus infans,
Qui nullum vidit Solis, in orbe, jubar.
Sic immaturis juvenum spes occidit annis,
Quæ poterat longas emeruisse dies.

THe Crafts-man did me of pure tallow frame,
And made me fit to nourish heav'ns flame;
One thing remain'd, that I should take with fire,
When season due, and fit houre doth require:
Loe how the rats catching me all alone,
With envious teeth my body cease upon;
I dye before my day, they life prevent;
Before I live, my liveless body's spent:
I dying could with teares my death bemoane,
But this untimely death doth yeeld me none.
¶ The infant so oft doth it selfe entombe,
Before it see the day, in mothers wombe.
So by untimely death youths hope decayes,
Which might have well deserved many daies.

Quum

Fessa tibi nunc Lampada trado.

I weary, give my Light to thee.

14.

Qvum mihi pingue foret viſcoſo in corpore ſumen,
Alma renidentis lucis alumna fui.
Hora ſed in tenues tandem me diſſipat auras,
Ad fungi cineres Lux mea tota redit.
Ecce meam defeſſa tibi nunc Lampada trado,
Inq; vicem vires experiere tuas.
Sic cedit perſona alii, vacuamq, relinquit
Scenam, quum partes egerit ille ſuas.
Rex ſceptri vitæq; ſimul defunctus honore,
Deponit ſoboli ſceptra tuenda ſuæ.
Emeritus, fato & fractus poſt vulnera miles
Cedit, & exercet ſtrenuus arma tyro.
¶ Felix tranſactæ vitæ quem veſpera laudat,
Et lauri æterno gloria honore beat.

WHen that my clammy ſubſtance was entire,
I was an earthly nurſe of heav'n-bred fire;
Now envious time doth me in aſhes turne
And to a tedious ſnuffe my light doth burne:
Loe I have done, take thou this light of mine;
I yeeld, doe what thou canſt, the turne is thine.
So the Comedian having plaid his ſhare,
Gives place to others, who then actors are:
A King his weighty office having done,
Dying tranſfers his Scepter to his ſonne:
When that the craſie Souldiers ſtrength doth faile,
The younger muſt the enemy aſſaile.
¶ Happy is he the evening of whoſe daies
Doth crowne his death with ever-living bayes.

Pauper

Nec minor est mea lux.

My Light is not the lesse.

15.

NOn minor est gurges vitreis circumfluus undis,
Exonerans sese in stagna fluenta, lacus.
Nec minor Ætherii lux ardentissima Solis;
Innumeros quamvis lumine lustrat agros.
Magnetis ferro visq; impertita sodali
Huic, illi; tamen est non minor ipsa sibi.
Sic mea multiparo varias lux lumine tædas
Accendens, lucem mutuat, haud minuit.
¶ Hæc Sophiæ natura, sui quæ prodiga semet
Communem, salvâ ast integritate, facit.
Sic melius dixere bonum communius, omnes
Gratia participes sic volet esse sui.

THe glassie gulfe joyn'd with Earths globe in one
Gives waters to the rivers, looseth none:
The Sunne that makes so many glorious dayes,
Doth loose no light, and still he wast's his rayes:
The Loadstone to the iron gives vertue rare,
And yet no wayes his owne he doth impaire:
So this my torch can give to others light,
And still, as is his wont, shine perfect bright.
¶ Thus Divine Wisdome doth communicate
Her selfe, that others may participate.
The good more common better is, and grace
Wisheth, all were partakers of her case.

Quum

Perdita Jnvenio.

I finde things loſt.

16.

PAuper anus tenuem noctis caligine drachmam
Perdit, quæ parvæ ſpes erat una rei.
Sedula mox properat ſplendentem accendere lychnũ,
Et lento nitidam verrere faſce domum.
Eruit hanc latebris; inventaq; gratior illi eſt :
Quam fuerat Phrygio gaza ſuperba ſeni.
¶ Ex quo Cimmeriis Divinæ particula auræ
Corporis in cœco carcere merſa latet;
Vera jacet tenebris amiſſa ſcientia rerum,
Quæ ſuperat largas Pygmalionis opes.
Ergo Cleanthæ Lux accendenda lucernæ eſt;
Sic animi amiſſas inveniemus opes.

THe carefull Matrone in her cell below,
Let fall a groat, yet where ſhe did not know :
Forthwith ſhe tinnes a Light, then with her broome
She neatly ſweepes the corners of the roome :
Thus from the duſt and darkeneſſe when ſhe finds it,
More than the Phrygian Midas wealth ſhe mindes it.
¶ Our ſoule a divine ſparke ſince that it fell
Into Cimmerian darkeneſſe of this cell,
The ſoules true knowledge doth appeare no more
Which goeth beyond *Pygmalions* richeſt ſtore.
Then muſt we light *Cleanthes* Lamp and find
By ſtudy, the loſt treaſure of our mind.

Phoſphore redde diem.

O Morning Starre ſhew forth day.

17.

HEsperias postquam Phœbus descendit in undas,
Occidua & merso littora sole rubent.
Accendor clari nocturna vicaria Phœbi,
Et successivas sedula præsto vices.
Lux mea jam queritur consumptos corporis artus,
Et minuit sumen stiria multa meum.
Cedere sic cogor; reduces jam vertito currus
Phœbe, orbi clarum Phosphore redde diem.
¶ Christus sol mundi, postquam remeavit ad oras
Empyreas, scandens vitrea regna poli.
Tunc sanctos jussit lucem præferre ministros,
Gratiæ ut in cæco pareat orbe dies.
At postquam hi senio fracti, vigiliq; labore
Incipiunt fessis artubus esse graves.
Lampada tunc animæ tradunt, optantq; vicissim,
Vt possit clarâ surgere nube Deus.

WHen *Phœbus* sets in the Hesperian streames
And Westerne shores blush with his drowned beames;
Then I as *Phœbus* second must give Light,
And act my part in darkenesse of the night:
But now my Light complaines that I decay,
And into greasie teares doe melt away;
So I am forst to yeeld. O turne thy teame
Phœbus, and *Phosphor* shew thy morning beame.
¶ When Christ the Sonne of righteousnesse did goe
Vnto his Heavenly mansions from below
Then he his holy servants did command,
Conspicuous to the world, like lights, to stand;
But when they faile with watching, toile, and age,
And now are ready to goe off the stage,
Then up they yeeld the light of life and cry;
O come thou Sonne of righteousnesse, we die.

Video & Taceo.

I see all and lay nothing.

18.

SÆpe mihi noctis credunt arcana silentis,
Quæq; solent clarum furta latere diem
Martis adulterium Sol toti ostendit Olympo,
Prodidit & versis crimina Phœbus equis ;
Est mihi non temerata fides; quæ conscia cerno,
Hæc taceo Conso tutior una Deo.
¶ A me mortales taciturna silentia discant,
Ne lædant sanctam garrulitate Fidem.

IN secret silence of the night what's done
Is trust to me, concealed from the Sunne
Phœbus did *Mars* and *Venus* love betray,
And turning backe did greater crimes bewray :
What I doe see when witnesse is asleepe,
That like *Harpocrates* I closely keepe.
¶ Let mortals learne to rule their tongue by me,
What lawfull secret they doe heare or see.

Lucentem metuiſtis.

You feared me whilſt I ſhined.

19.

DVM mea candenti radiaret lumine flammâ,
Et jubari lampas æquiparanda forem.
Illustrem fecit me splendor, flamma verendum,
Invidiosa aliis, & metuenda fui.
Sed postquam mea lux torpenti emortua fungo est;
Et tenebræ radios occuluere meos.
Torpeo truncus iners, tutam munimine nullo
Me rodunt glires, quam metuere, facem.
¶ Invidiamq; metumq; simul mortalibus adfert
Gloria, majestas numine tuta suo est.
At postquam dominum fallax fortuna reliquit,
Præda nec armati pumilionis erit.

WHen as my Light much like an ev'ning starre,
Did cast his glittering beames both neare and farre;
Then light me glorious, flame me dreadfull made,
And none injuriously durst me upbraide;
But when my Light into a snuffe did turne,
And cloth'd with darkenesse, I did cease to burne,
Loe how without defence I naked stand,
Thus torne and rent by this devouring band.
¶ Glory, as envy, so it terrour lends
To Mortals: Majesty it selfe defends;
But after treacherous Fortune flies away,
To an unarmed dwarfe its made a prey.

Fruſtra me extinguis

In vaine thou putteſt me out.

20.

ILLicitum molire nefas; me teſte vereris
Aggredi, & indicium ſuſpicis uſq; meum.
Extincta jam me ſperas te poſſe latere,
Et ſine teſte tibi cuncta licere putas.
¶ Falleris; in cœcis Lux eſt divina tenebris,
Quæ luſtrat Stygii tecta verenda Iovis.
Sed tu talpa Dei non ſpectas lumen, & atrâ
Non potis es medium cernere nocte diem.
Poſtmodo ſed cernes, quum Lux ſuprema favillam
Accendet, quæ nunc corpore merſa latet.
Ergo quicquid agis, tu præſens ſuſpice numen,
In tenebris crede & cernere cuncta Deum.

THou goeſt about miſchiefe and ſtill doſt feare,
Leaſt this my light 'gainſt thee ſhould witneſſe beare;
So having put me out th[illegible] think'ſt to worke
Thy will, and yet in ſecret ſtill to lurke.
¶ Thou art deceiv'd, the darkneſſe of this cell
Containes a light, that ſees the lowveſt hell.
But thou a Want, canſt not perceive this light,
Neither diſcerne Sun-ſhine from cloudy night.
Then ſhalt thou ſeeit, when the Diety
Shall kindle that ſparke which in thy breaſt doth ly.
What e're thou doſt, looke to that Light which made
All Lights, and ſhines as day in midnight ſhade.

Hinc

Cito consumar necesse est.

So I must needs be quickly consumed.

21.

HInc & hinc me flamma vorax consumit, utrinq;
Flagrat ad exitium Lux geminata meum.
Dividit ardentes, velut Isthmus, dextera flammas,
Consulat utq; mihi, vix cavet ipsa sibi.
Vicino nam tacta malo, consorsq; pericli est,
Dum coiens cogit cedere flamma manum.
¶ Dilapidet si forte gulâ bona cuncta maritus,
Vxor & in mundum destruat illa suum;
Hinc & hinc discerpta redit sors omnis ad assem,
Pœnitet & serò dilacerasse penum.
Quod si fortunas dextrâ fulcire ruentes
Et cupiat fluxas sistere amicus opes.
Invisam perdens operam vix tutus abibit,
Namq; in eum virus vertit uterq; suum.
Sæpe malas dirimens lites malè plectitur insons,
Vertit & iratas in sua damna manus.

I Am consumed with devouring fire,
Whilst Vulcane gainst me doubles thus his ire:
The hand, much like an Isthme, doth separate
The flames, and doth it selfe præcipitate
Into open danger, shewing so its love,
The scorching flames compels it to remove.
¶ A thriftlesse husband if he spend his state,
And so the wife loving to goe too neat;
Their stocke and meanes quickely goes to decay,
And late repentance comes, when all's away.
But if a friend their ruine would prevent,
And stay their fall; be sure he shall be shent:
He losing labour scarce shall harmelesse goe,
They both against him turne their malice so.
Oft times who parteth quarrels and debate,
Against himselfe doth turne the parties hate.

Lux mea tibi tenebræ.

My light is darknes to thee.

22.

LVX mea per totas rutilans quæ ſpargitur ædes,
Exhilarans homines, ignicolaſq; Lares.
Nil niſi Cimmerias præfert tibi, cœce, tenebras;
Culpa tua eſt; caſſus lumine nulla vides.
Cernere talpa nequit Solem, dum luce coruſcat;
Et nullum caſſus lumine, lumen habet.
¶ Chriſtus vera Dei Lux, Sol puriſſimus orbi eſt,
Detegit & radiis nubila cuncta ſuis.
Cernimus haud tamen hoc lumen, niſi numine pandat
Hos oculos, quos jam nox tenebroſa premit.
Sic ad nos Chriſti Lux derivata, reflectit
In proprium, radio multiplicante, jubar.

MY ſplendor with his bright and Sun-like ray,
Doth cheere the houſe, and darkeneſſe chaſe away;
To thee wh'art blind, I'm darke as ſable night,
It's thy default, not mine; thou lak'ſt thy ſight.
The Moule cannot *Hyperions* glory ſee;
Who want their eyes, no comfort have by me.
¶ Chriſt is the glory of that light from hie,
Which can the darkeſt Chaos full deſcry;
And yet we ſee him not untill our eyes
He open, which thickeſt darkeneſſe doth ſurpriſe;
Then doth his light unto himſelfe reflect
From us as mirrours, with a new aſpect.

Tenebræ mihi famam.

Darkneſſe addeth glory to me.

23.

GLoria nulla foret faculæ, niſi furva tenebris
Involvat mundum nox taciturna ſuis.
Stella polo quum nulla micat, quum cornua Phœbe
Condit, & obſcuro ſidere cuncta latent.
Frigora condenſant tenuem vicina calorem,
Splendidiuſq; nitet, nocte ſilente, jubar.
Quò magis eſt noctis caligo obſeſſa tenebris,
Hòc lumen tædæ clarius eſſe ſolet.
¶ Obvia ſi adverſis ponas contraria rebus,
Obſeſſis pugnant viribus illa magis.
Virtuti confer vitium; ſplendebit utrumq;,
Clarius hinc paret dedecus, inde decus.

NO glory could I ſhew, wer't not the night
In ſable clouds did mantle up heavens light.
When ſtarres are vail'd, and *Phœb'* her hornes doth hide,
Laying her creſſet and attire aſide.
The more nights fogge doth maske the ſpangled ſpheare,
The more in darkeneſſe doth my Light appeare;
Nights foggy cold doth make my flame more ſtrong,
And light's more glorious pitchy clouds among.
¶ If you together contraries paralell,
By contrary oppoſition they excell.
Vertue compare with vice, and you ſhall ſee,
This ſhew his glory, that his infamie.

Magis conſumor minus luceo.

I am conſumed more and ſhine leſſe.

24.

NVnc importunis Boreas me flatibus urget;
Flat, ceu fornacis flamma cienda foret.
Fallitur, in tenues lucem mihi dissipat auras;
Sic consumpta magis, luceo clara minus.
Ipse operam perdit Boreas, oleumq; ego perdo,
Impar congressus viribus estq; meis.
¶ Non si tardigradus stimulo fodiendus asellus,
Nobilibus stimulos subdere oportet equis.
Aonidum proles non est laceranda flagello;
Plumbea gens isto est erudienda modo.
Sunt certæ vires rerum & tranquilla facultas,
Quas urgens nimiâ sedulitate necas.

NOw *Boreas* puffing in his boistrous ire
Blows as he were to kindle *Vulcans* fire:
He doth undoe me by his churlishnesse,
I am consumed more, and shine the lesse:
He spends his labour, so I lose mine oyle,
As no wayes fit to undergoe such toyle.
¶ You beat the Asse lingring under his load,
The generous Horse deserveth not a goad:
The Muses sonnes cannot away with lashes,
Which are more fitting for *Arcadian* asses.
Each strength within his limits, Nature bounds,
Which who so passeth, Nature he confounds.

Nocitura peto.

I ſeeke mine hurt.

25.

AVreus hanc lucis ſplendor trahit æmulus aſtris,
Neſcit at infeſtas eſſe calore faces.
In fraudes incauta ruit; ſplendoris amore
Dum capitur, flammæ carpitur igne gravi.
¶ Splendida purpureo turget quæ gloria amictu,
Fulget in excelſo conſpicienda loco.
Invidioſa ſimul, cunctiſque optabilis ardet;
Aſt miſerâ ſtultos improbitate necat.
Tollit, ut a ſummo deturbet culmine; lætas
Cum miſeris mutat gloria vana vices.
Icariæ vitreo natarunt æquore pennæ,
Phœbo vicinas ſollicitando vias.
Dum Phaeton capitur currus ſplendore paterni,
Eridani in medias decidit uſtus aquas.
Tuta ſatis non ſunt Phœbæis proxima flammis,
Audent auricomum ſi temerare jubar.

LIghts ſtarre-like ſplendor doth allure this flye,
Not knowing that ſhe may be burnt thereby:
Thus whilſt ſhe kindled with a great deſire
Of Light, loe how ſhee dies in flaming fire.
¶ Glory in purple robes is ſet on hie,
Envious to many, lovely to the eye:
But many times glory doth fooles undoe,
Whilſt, without wit and reaſon, they it wooe:
It raiſeth them that with the greater fall,
It may them overthrow and cruſh withall.
Whilſt *Icarus* ſoares to *Hyperions* beames,
He headlong fals into th' *Icarian* ſtreames;
And *Phaeton* daring for to rule the day,
Was thunder-beate, and burnt with *Phœbus* ray.
We nearer to the Sunne more glorious are,
If of the ſcorching rayes we be aware.

Consumar si non cito.

Quickly or I am consumed.

26.

FAx ego dum optatæ multùm peto lumina flammæ,
A flammâ lucem fervidiore peto.
Hinc cita nî accendor, jam jam consumar, & omnis
Suminis in lacrymas vis liquefacta cadet.
¶ Res quibus est angusta domi, & fortuna novercans,
Coguntur Dominos sollicitare suos.
Genua quibus cerant, & adorant supplice voto,
Munificam duris mittere rebus opem.
Tunc miseros mora longa necat, nam spes cadit omnis,
Recula & exilis, quæ fuit ante, perit.
Tempestiva beant donantis munera dextræ,
Donaq; temporibus non nisi grata suis.

WHen I this wisht-for light to tinne desire,
I prostrate crave it from this flaming fire;
From whence if light come not in fitting time,
I am consum'd before the light be mine.
¶ Whose meanes are small, whom Fortune favours not,
They take their patrons mercy for their lot;
To them their supplications they direct,
Attending still with homage and respect;
Delay undo'th them, makes them spend their oyle,
Their hopes grow lesse, and greater is their toyle;
Vnlesse their Patrons timely shew their love:
For gifts, by timely giving, double prove.

Non ſuffulta pereo.

Helpe or elſe I dye.

27.

FAx ego ſplendebam fixâ dum ſede manerem,
Salvaq; ſublato vertice flamma foret,
Nunc poſtquam caſus lucem temeravit iniquus,
Prona vacillanti corpore tæda jacet.
Adfer opem quicunq; vides, ſuccurre labanti,
Tutaq; ſic noſtræ gloria lucis erit.
¶ Humanum eſt labi, variæq; obnoxia ſorti
Vita, nequit certo firma manere loco.
Vel quaſſat fortuna, movet vel lubricus error;
Inq; horas hominum labitur omne genus.
Felix labenti cui vis ſuccurrit amica,
Quiq; hominis, tanquam numinis, uſus ope eſt.
Namq; docent, quæcunq; nocent; prudenſq; cavebit
Ictus, cum laſſo fortius ibit equo.

I Shined brightly whilſt I ſtood upright,
And firmely ſeated gave a perfect light;
But after that miſchance did me ſurpriſe,
I am caſt downe and know not how to riſe.
Helpe, helpe, who ſees my caſe, now ſuccour me,
So, as before, my Light ſhall glorious be.
¶ A man may fall, this brittle life of ours
Is ſubject to more chances than to houres:
Or fortune falſe, or errours ſlippery fall
Suffers us not, conſtant to proove at all:
Happy is he who falling findes a man,
Much like a God, ſupporting what he can.
By hurt he learning gaines, he wiſer growes,
And with the weary Oxe more warily goes.

Memet Nutrio.

I nouriſh my ſelfe.

28.

CVncta ſuam nutriunt animam viventia damno
Alterius, vitam nutrio ſola meam.
Planta rapit terræ vires, & paſcitur illis;
Brutaq; florenti germine planta fovet.
Innocuas nec non animas animalia perdunt,
Humanæ ut fiant altilis eſca gulæ.
¶ Alterius damnis hominum pars maxima vivit,
Augeat utq; ſuas res, aliena rapit.
Sic homini lupus eſt homo, rapto vivitur, & qui
Fraude poteſt alios fallere, lucra feret.
Felix qui propriâ ducit ſe ſorte beatum,
Quodq; ſuum eſt, ducit ſatq; ſuperq; ſibi.

ALL living things with others loſſe maintaine
Their life, not ſo my harmeleſſe light I gaine.
The plant doth feede upon the fertile ſoile;
And bruitiſh beaſts the pleaſant plants doe ſpoile;
So harmeleſſe beaſt, and bird, and fiſh muſt dy,
To pamper mans too licoriſh gluttony.
But of condition though I mortall be;
Yet this my Light is onely nurſt by me.
¶ The moſt of men doe live by others loſſe,
Whilſt others goods they to themſelves engroſſe:
So man proves wolfe to man, and robbery gives
Moſt gaine to him, who moſt unjuſtly lives.
Thrice happy's he, who's of his ſtate content,
As if it were *Craſſus* or *Cræſus* rent.

Non memet Extinguo.

I doe not put out my selfe.

29.

SIt mihi sors quæcunq; tamen gratissima semper
Vita mihi est, morior non nisi jussa mori.
Quando manus Domini extinguit, vel fortior aura
Enecat, aut pessum casus iniquus agit.
Sin minus irrupta hanc animam cum corpore jungit
Copula, supremo non nisi rupta die.
¶ Ipsa hominem jussit vitam natura tueri,
Quâ nil mortali charius esse solet.
Ille sed invitis resecat sua stamina Parcis,
Exosusq; animam, res sibi habere jubet.
Scilicet incertæ metuens discrimina mortis,
Ante tubas mortem, ne moriatur, obit.
Ah! miser Ætheriæ non dignus munere lucis,
Vivere qui non vult, nescit & ipse mori.

WHat e're my stat's, my love proves constant still
To this my Soule, we part against our will;
Or when fierce *Boreas* with his blustring gale,
Or some mischance my lovely light doth quale:
Else I and Light my life, would never part,
Before to ashes fates did me convert.
¶ Nature commands us to maintaine our breath
And being, shunning life-destroying death.
Yet man from Atropus oft takes the knife,
And cuts his fatall thred, devouring life:
For why, he fearing death before his day,
Before th'allarum, makes himselfe away.
Ah wretch! unworthy to behold the skye,
Who will not live, and knowes not how to dye.

Omnia

Mors mihi Lucrum.

Death is gaine to me.

30.

LVX extincta perit, non ſpes tamen excidit omnis,
Denuòq; accendet lux rediviva facem.
Diſutiùs ut vivam, morior; ſic mors mihi lucrum eſt,
Alterna ſq; dabit flamma iterata vices.
¶ Nos morimur, fatoq; omnes concedimus atro,
Et mors eſt tanquam merſa ſopore quies.
Namq; anima Ætherias ſimulac volitavit ad arces,
Corpus in hæc mundi prima elementa redit.
Donec ad illa redux anima, hos aſſumpſerit artus,
Quos poſuit, vitâ dans meliore frui.

MY Light is gone, yet hope doth ſtill remaine,
That Light revived ſhall me quick'n againe.
I gaine by death, for ſo I longer laſt,
Life ſhall returne, after ſome houres are paſt.
¶ All of us dye, when this our threed is ſpunne,
And cut, deaths drouſie ſleepe is then begunne.
After the ghueſt is gone, the Innes decay,
Our body's turn'd to rubbiſh and to clay;
Vntill the ſoule returning doe poſſeſſe
Our bodies in Eternall happineſſe.

Ætherias

Sursum Peto, deorsum trahor.

I bend upward, I am drawne downward.

31.

Æ Therias mea flamma polaris anhelat ad arces,
Lux in natalem ſubvolat uſq; locum.
Corporeo ſed preſſa jugo deſcendere flamma
Cogitur, ut quærat tædæ alimenta ſuæ.
Decreſcens ſequitur ſic ſumen, donec ad ipſum
Venerit, ultrà quò non datur ire, rogum.
¶ Mens mea neſcio quâ Cœli dulcedine capta
Cogitat alatam tendere ad aſtra viam.
Sed grave mergit onus, dum compes dura caduci
Corporis, hanc mentem ſerpere cogit humi.
Pulveris in medio quærens victumq; & amictum,
Lotum edit, & patriæ vix memor ipſa ſuæ eſt.

MY Light up to Heav'ns Manſions ſtill doth move,
Seeking his native place of reſt above;
But being ty'd in bondage to this frame,
It ſtoopes to ſeeke his food, and feed his flame:
So ſtill it ſinkes downeward, untill it turne
Into a ſnuffe, and aſhes ceaſe to burne.
¶ My mind, I know not how, longeth to flye,
Vnto the Heavenly Courts and Saphire ſky,
But ſtill its plung'd, ſo to the body bound,
That its compel'd to grovell on the ground:
Thus cralling for its food my ſoule can fret,
And taſting Lote, his Country doth forget.

Tantus

Extinguar quin aſcendam.

I will dye but I ſhall aſcend.

32.

TAntus amor patrii Cœli est, sic tendit in altum
Lumen, ut adversas nescíat ire vias.
Lux depressa tamen scandit, penetratq; ruinas
Illa meas, morte & sternit ad astra viam.
¶ Emicat ad Cœlos anima hæc, corpusq; supinat
Hoc grave, dum secum tollere membra cupit.
Nititur, at frustra; corpus radicibus hærens
Terræ, cognatam linquere nescit humum.
Deprimit ad silices tumulumq; victa senectus,
Cum parat in terram figere Parca caput.
Tunc anima inversi per corporis ire ruinas
Gestit, & ad superas ferre trophæa domos.

SVch is lights love to Heaven, that still above
It mounts, and cannot to the center move;
Hold you it under, it will upward reach,
And through its ruinous body make a breach.
¶ Our soule doth bend our bodies straight and even,
As with it selfe, it would them raise to Heaven;
But all in vaine it undergoes such toyle,
The body will not leave its native soyle:
Age puls it downe, and makes it stoope full low,
Till death doth give his fatall overthrow
Then through the bodies breach the Soule doth rise,
And like a conquerour, mount to the skyes.

Proprio sumptu.

On mine owne cost.

33.

OMnia quæ mea sunt, mecum bene provida porto,
Et vivit sumptu sobria flamma suo.
Si tenuis mihi sit res, mecum convenit illi,
Et quæcunq; venit sors, mihi grata venit.
Nusquam mendico, nec quid sit tristis egestas
Viva scio; quid sit mortua, curo minus.
¶ Sunt quibus unum opus est alienâ vivere quadrâ,
Et lautam alterius dilacerare penum.
Vulturii humani generis, fuciq; culinæ,
Mensarum harpyiæ, soriculi penoris.
At Sapiens animum fortunæ accommodat æquum,
Metitus modulo seq; penumq; suo.
Gratior exigui est huic esca parabilis horti,
Malvaq;, quam magnæ sportula larga domus.

I Carry about with me, my frugall store,
With which I am content, and seeke no more;
If it be meane, I can with it agree,
What state soever, welcome comes to me:
I never begge; alive, what is distresse,
I know not; but once dead, I care for't lesse.
¶ Some live on others trenchers, and doe eate
The bread of sloth, for which they never sweat:
They're greedy ravens of mankind, kitching drones,
Rich tables harpyes, rats, Chamelions.
The wiseman howsoever he doth finde
Fortune, to it he fits and frames his mind,
He doth preferre his course and country faire,
Vnto his Patrons dole and dishes rare.

Lucenti non invideo.

I envie not thy light.

34.

CVM tua per noctis radiaret flamma tenebras;
Splendebat tua lux invidiosa mihi.
At postquam Titan lustravit lumine terras,
Flamma tua est, tenebris æmula facta meis.
Non equidem invideo lucenti, gloria lucis
Nulla tuæ est; tenebris, gloria nulla meis.
¶ Vmbra velut corpus sequitur, comitatur honorem
Invidia, & livor culmina summa petit.
Gloriolam obscurat si quando gloria major,
Gloriolæ invidiam gloria major habet.

WHen thou in darkenesse of the night didst blaze,
I could not without envy on thee gaze;
But when the Cyclop *Titan* comes in sight,
There is no ods twixt darkenesse and thy light:
I doe not envy thee, although thou shine;
No glor' I have, nor is the glory thine.
¶ As lightsome bodyes doe a shaddow give;
So glory without envy cannot live:
When greater glory doth the meane suppresse,
It likewise takes the envy from the lesse.

Flamma fumo proxima eſt.

Fire followeth ſmoake.

35.

QVI timet insanæ damnata incendia flammæ;
Et cupit extinctam nocte latere facem,
Extinguit flammam, nec cessat spiritus ante
Quam fumi fungo cum moriente cadat.
Proxima nam fumo flamma est, spiracula fungi
Lumina fumanti dant, rediviva faci.
¶ Furtivas Veneris metuis qui in pectore flammas,
Et quas accendit dira libido lues.
Has preme, suppressoq; imi jam pectoris æstu,
Tu cave ne impuro fumus ab ore meet.
Si spirat fumus, cineri suppostа doloso
Flamma jacet; fumum supprime, flammà perit.
Contra; si verbis occurret blandior aura
Pellicis; in flammas dira libido micat.

WHo fearst outragious *Vulcans* damned ire,
And would'st be safe from night-surprising fire;
Put out the flame, the smoaking snuffe suppresse,
Least from the smoake the fire it selfe redresse;
For fire is next to smoake, and oft its seene,
That reaking snuffe a blazing fire hath beene.
¶ Who feares the damned fire of inward lust,
And *Cupids* flames, observe this rule he must.
Hearts concupiscence, 'fore it's vehement,
Looke that in words he suffer't not to vent;
For words are smoake of burning hearts desire;
Smother his words, he needs not feare the fire:
But otherwayes a whorish complement,
Doth blow his fire, and makes him give consent.

Dum ſpiro ſpero.

Whilſt I breath, I hope.

36.

MVlta meam accelerant vitæ diſcrimina mortem,
Et tandem Boreæ vis truculenta necat.
Flamma cadit, calor exoedit, lux aurea cœca eſt,
Spiritus, & vitæ ſpecula parva manet.
¶ Hanc hominum vitam vexant incommoda mille,
Et minuit noſtros ſors inopina dies.
Cura, dolor perimunt, enervant corpora morbi,
Et trahit ad capulum dira ſenecta ſenes
Veſpere vel Fortuna, dedit quæ mane, revellit;
Aut ſpoliat miſeros hoſtica turba viros.
Forma perit ſubito, vires franguntur, honores
Aufugiunt, fractas linquit amicus opes.
Spes at amica manet, dubiis fidiſſima rebus,
Hæc comes extremâ non niſi morte fugit.

A Thouſand evils this my life doth ſpend,
At length fierce *Boreas* thereto puts an end:
My light, my heat, my flame and all is paſt;
Onely, whilſt breath remaines, my hope doth laſt.
¶ This life of ours is toſt to and againe,
Time and unconſtant Fortune workes our bane:
Care kils us, griefe, diſeaſes doth outweare
This life, Death dragges us to the dolefull biere.
Fortune takes what ſhe in the morning gave;
Or enemies robbe and ſpoile what e're we have;
Strength, beauty periſh, honours flye away,
Falſe friends, when meanes are gone, they will not ſtay:
Hope's onely conſtant in adverſity,
Before ſhe's kild by death, ſhe will not fly.

Lucentem

Altero extinguor, altero accendor.

The one puts me out, the other kindls me

37.

LVcentem me adverſa noti jam perdidit aura;
Denuò ſed flammas aura ſecunda dabit.
Ruſticus ut quondam, ventus contraria ſpirat,
Vno namq; calor, frigus & ore meat.
¶ Puppe procelloſi quem excuſſit gurgitis unda,
In puppem rediens gurgitis unda refert.
Altera Fortunæ manus obruit, altera tollit;
Sanat, quod fixit, Pelias haſta latus.
Sic multos periiſſe juvat; quem patria mulctat
Exilio, ſæpe hunc hoſtica terra fovet.
Ne deſponde animum, nec rebus concide fractis;
Difficiles, faciles experiere Deos.

WHilſt I did ſhine fierce *Boreas* put me out,
Againe he kindles me at the ſecond bout:
As ſometimes did the clowne, now *Boreas* doth,
Both heat and cold he breatheth from his mouth,
¶ The billow whom it caſt into the maine,
Returning threw him in the Shippe againe;
Fortune throwes downe, then raiſeth from the ground;
Achilles ſpeare doth cure whom it did wound.
Loſſes prove good to ſome; whom Greece condemnd,
The Perſian for his vallour could commend.
Be not caſt downe, diſpaire not at miſchance,
God who hath croſſed thee, will thee advance.

Helleſpontiacis

Herus Lucerna.

Heros light.

38.

HElleſpontiacis Hero vicina procellis
Suſpendit claram turris ab arce facem.
Hanc cernens mediis nabat Leander in undis
Ad Dominæ properans gaudia blanda ſuæ.
Hanc poſtquam extinguit Boreæ violentior aura,
Æquoris in tumidis mergitur ille vadis.
Sic juveni fuerat quondam quæ tæda jugalis,
Ad funus juveni teda parata fuit.
¶ Cœlicolûm Pater, ac æterni conditor orbis,
Lumen ab Ætheriâ protulit arce ſuum.
Hoc ſequimur vitæ jactati mille procellis,
Dum petimus celſi gaudia vera poli.
Nulla ſed hoc Boreæ aut ventorum inſania lædet:
Ad portum incolumes ſic licet ire piis.
Quo ſimul ac feſſi pervenimus, illa jugalis
Fax erit, & nunquam funebris eſſe poteſt.

HEro who dwelt by Helleſponticke ſtrand,
Hang'd forth a Light, *Leanders* marke for land,
Whither his helmeleſſe courſe he ſteerd and mov'd,
Whilſt he made haſte to ſee his welbelov'd,
Which when fierce *Boreas* with his bluſtring blaſt
Put out, he in the floods away was caſt:
So that his wedding light became a torch,
To convoy him to Proſerpines blacke porch.
¶ Almighty God who made all by his power,
Holds forth his Light from the Celeſtiall Tower:
That when the ſtormes our toſſed ſoules annoy,
It may direct us to our heav'nly joy.
No ſtorme againſt this Light can ſo prevaile
But Saints unto their wiſht-for Haven may ſaile.
Where for their Wedding torch this Light they have,
Which never ſhall convoy them to their grave.

Cum

Exitus Probat.

The end tryeth all.

39.

NVlla fuere faci & ceræ discrimina odoris,
Quum clarum ornaret lucis utrumq; jubar,
Lux simul extincta est, spatile fax tetrius halat;
Hyblæos redolet melela cera favos.
¶ Sic prætextato dum fulget honoris in ostro
Improbus, assimilis creditur esse probo.
At quum nil miserans personam detrahit Orcus,
Excutit aut nudos sors malefida sinus.
Ille cachinnantis Vulgi tunc sordet in ore,
Famaq; sentinæ ut fœda mephitis olet.
Fulget in adversis contra probus, inq; secundis,
Nullaq; Fortunæ tela nocere queunt.
Quin ubi mors animam tenues efflavit in auras,
Vivit thuricremis æmula fama rogis.

WHen as the waxen light and candle did shine,
As was the taper, so the candle was fine:
When light is gone, this gives an odious snuffe,
That smels of Hyblas sweete nectarian stuffe.
¶ So when the wicked sits in honours chaire,
Vnto the good man all doe him compare;
But when death sparing none, his maske puls off,
And changing Fortune sets him for a scoffe:
Then to the frittle people he doth stinke,
His name smels like a common-shore or sinke:
The good againe, even in adversity,
Cares not for Fortunes false inconstancy;
And when against him death hath done her best,
His name smells like the Phenix spicy nest.

Cum

Dux Laterna Viæ.

The Lanterne leades the way.

40.

CVm mare fermentat Boreas, quum fluctibus æquor
Intumet, & ventis aspera gliscit hyems.
Sol oculis quando eripitur; caligine cœlum,
Et tumidum involvit nox tenebrosa salum.
Dux veluti, lux nostra monet vitare Charybdin,
Et Scyllæarum jurgia dira canum.
¶ Erramus vitæ jactati mille procellis,
Præpedit & nostrum nubilus error iter,
Sed Christus classis nostræ prætoria navis
Lucentem præfert per vada cœca facem.
Hanc sequere, optatas Cœli qui tendis ad oras;
Christus enim verax est via, luxq; viæ.

WHen stormie *Boreas* puts the seas in rage,
And swelling waves intesting warre do wage;
When sun is darkn'd, when night doth heav'n confound,
And foaming billowes give a discord sound.
My light then leads the way through reeling strands,
Guiding by *Scyllas* rocks, *Charybdis* sands.
¶ Here we are tossed in a maine of feares;
But Christ our admirall the lanterne beares;
Least we should suffer shipwracke in the night,
He leads us through all dangers by his light.
Who then would'st come to Heav'ns long wisht-for bay,
Follow thy Saviour who's Truth, Light, and Way.

Data Lux ſuſpiria tollit.

Light me I ſhal ſigh nomore

41.

Cvm mea per tenebras radiaret lumine Lampas,
Æmula quum ſtellis flamma coruſca foret,
In precio fuerat mea lux, dignabar honore,
Inq; oculis cunctis fax mea læta fuit.
Nunc moribunda gemo, fordens ſuſpiria duco,
Sumq; inviſa aliis, ipſa odioſa mihi.
Quod ſi flamma redux fuerit, decus omne redibit,
Quiq; prius frixit, fit recidivus amor.
¶ Res quum ſalva manet, quum pleno copia cornu eſt
Intactas populus ſuſpicit omnis opes.
At ſimul inconſtans reflat Fortuna, faceſſunt
Omnes, & miſeris nullus amicus adeſt.
Quin ubi ſors vultum mutat, quum denuo ridet,
Aſſentatorum reflua turba redit.
Oceani velut unda fluit, fluit unda clientum,
Verſiq; dat pelles ſors male fida vices.

WHen as my Light with beames did brightly ſhine,
And ſtarre-light was but equall unto mine;
I was in great requeſt and ſet above,
Was deare to all, who ſaw me, did me love:
Now breathing ſighes, and languiſhing I grone:
I'm hatefull to my ſelfe, belov'd of none.
If once againe my light beginne to burne,
With it my light and honour ſhall returne.
¶ When Fortune ſtanding on her ſlippery ball,
Doth favour, then are we admir'd of all;
But if ſhe frowne, then flatterers flye away,
No friends abide, if once your meanes decay:
O but if Fortune change, and ſmile againe,
Then fawne theſe flatterers, and beare up your traine.
Much like the Sea theſe Clients flote and flow;
And Fortune turnes her coat, at every ſhow.

Fruſtra me tegis.

In vaine thou covereſt me.

42.

Fruſtra me ardentem celat prætenta lacerna,
Lumine flagrabit tacta lacerna meo.
Noſtra meam nocti produnt incendia lucem,
Injectæ veſtis dat quoq; ruina viam.
¶ Infandum quicunq; fovet penetralibus imi
Pectoris, & ſperat poſſe latere nefas.
Ille faces celat Furiarum mente reductâ,
Sed fruſtra in vultus impia flamma micat.
Sic quicunq; nefas diri concepit Oreſtis,
Non minus & Furias impij Oreſtis habet.
Diſſimula tu quantumvis, vis inſita menti
Quæ penitus ſentis, cogit aperta loqui.

IN vaine thou mantles up this light of mine,
Thinking that no man ſhall perceive it ſhine.
But all in vaine, flame will it ſelfe bewray
And through thy coat, by burning, make his way.
¶ Who in his lower heart doth hurt conceale,
Hoping that nothing ſhall the ſame reveale.
He hides the torches of the helliſh rout,
Which will at length with violence burſt out:
Who doth conceive *Oreſtes* impious thought,
It will ere long to furious fact be brought.
Diſſemble what thou can'ſt, that inward ſparke
Will burſt forth into Light, though now its darke.

Sic Vos non Vobis.

So are you not borne for your ſelvs.

43.

ARte faber chalybem fingens ſic temperat igni,
Ut ſilicis duræ verbera ferre queat.
Hæc quando ſaxi cæcis incendia ab antris
Excutit, in cremium multa favilla cadit.
Scintillas fovet hoc rutilas, a ſulphure donec
Accenſo flammam teda parata rapit.
Teda faci tandem tradit, fax ardet ad uſus
Humanos, aliis commoda, nulla ſibi.
¶ Sic juſſit Natura Deo parere potenti
Omnia, & in proprias eſſe miniſtra vices.
Eſſe quibus Natura dedit ſine munere vitæ
Herbarum vitas prima elementa fovent.
Brutum animal viridis terræ ſic planta ſaginat,
Humanæ ut fiant eſca parata gulæ.
Omnia ſic noſtros didunt ſe commoda in uſus:
Debemus noſtro morigeri eſſe Deo.

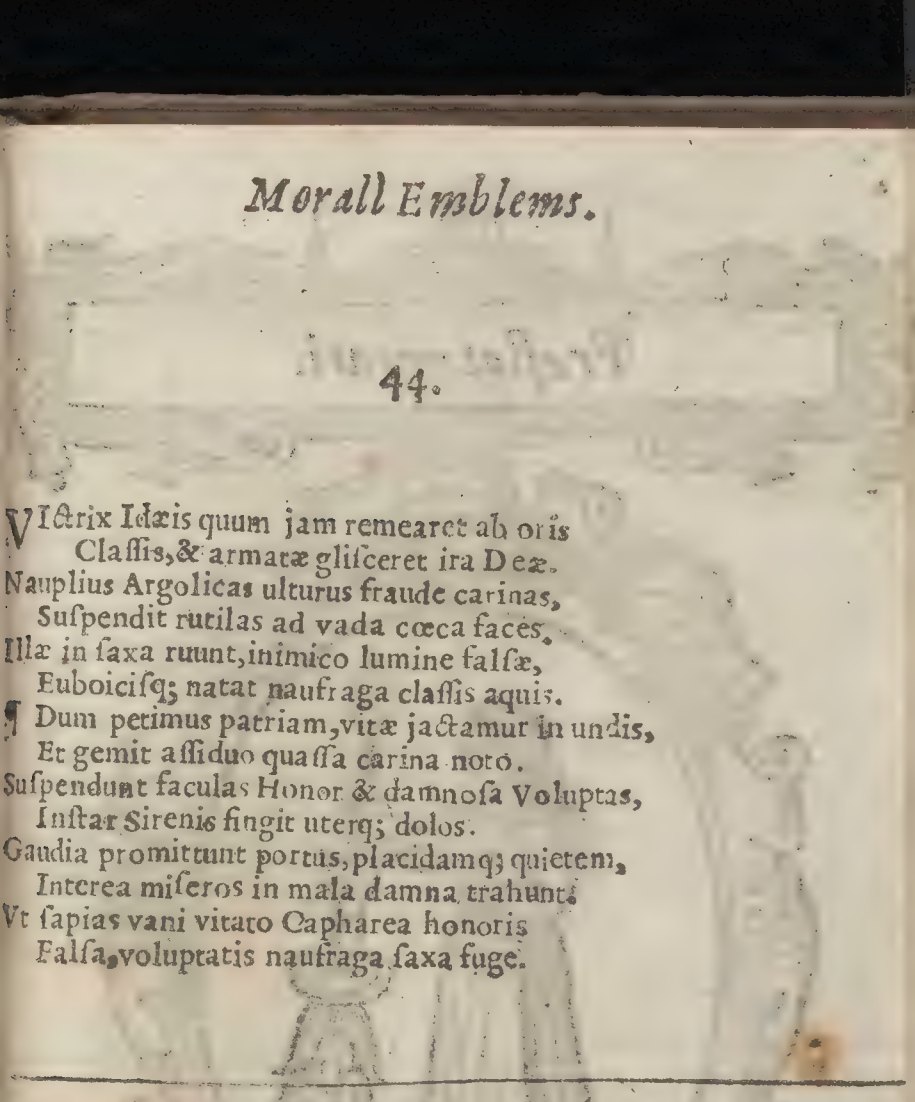
THe Smith the ſteele, ſo tempers in the fire,
As that it may indure flints ſtroke and ire;
The flint and ſteel, 'gainſt others while they ſtrive,
Give ſparkles, which the tinder keeps alive;
Vntill the ſulphure to the match gives flame,
Which keeps, and to the candle doth give the ſame;
The candle thus lighted proper uſe hath none:
Thus all ordained is for man alone.
¶ Dame Nature ſo commandeth ev'ry thing
In his owne kind to ſerve his lord and King;
Things of meere being, and which doe not live,
As Elements, food to the living give;
The living herbs doe beaſts with ſenſe mainetaine,
And theſe, to feede us, ev'ry houre are ſlaine:
So every thing is for the uſe of man,
To God ſhould he not doe then, what he can?

Nauplij faces.

Nauplius his Lights.

44.

VIctrix Idæis quum jam remearet ab oris
Classis,& armatæ gliscceret ira Deæ.
Nauplius Argolicas ulturus fraude carinas,
Suspendit rutilas ad vada cœca faces.
Illæ in saxa ruunt,inimico lumine falsæ,
Euboicisq; natat naufraga classis aquis.
¶ Dum petimus patriam,vitæ jactamur in undis,
Et gemit assiduo quassa carina noto.
Suspendunt faculas Honor & damnosa Voluptas,
Instar Sirenis fingit uterq; dolos.
Gaudia promittunt portus,placidamq; quietem,
Interea miseros in mala damna trahunt.
Vt sapias vani vitato Capharea honoris
Falsa,voluptatis naufraga saxa fuge.



WHen as the conqu'ring fleete return'd from *Troy*,
And Pallas stormy wrath did them annoy;
Then *Nauplius* sought revenge upon the *Greekes*,
And hang'd out Lanterns on the rocky creekes;
The *Greekes* deceived did the rockes mistake,
And dashing gainst them did nights shipwracke make.
¶ Whilst we unto our wisht-for Country goe,
This lifes feirce billowes tosse us to and fro;
Honour and glory hang out lights so faire,
And Siren-like doe seeke us to ensnare:
A joyfull,quiet haven they doe pretend;
But oft they draw us to a dolefull end:
If thou be wise shunne honours lights so hy,
And from shipwracking Siren pleasure fly.

Lux

Præstat morari.

'Tis better to tarry.

45.

LVx mea torpenti languet jam proxima fungo;
Vicina eſt nigris fax moribunda rogis.
Ecce meæ præſto lux inhiat altera ſorti;
Carnificemq́; meis ut potiatur, agit.
Non impune meam accelerat tamen illa ruinam,
Namq́; ulciſcetur noſtra favilla necem.
¶ Ante diem patrios minuit ſic filius annos,
Et ſi non gladio, ſæpe dolore necat,
Occupet ut bona quæ genitor ſudore paravit;
Non tamen hoc Nemeſis deflet inulta nefas,
Dilapidat nam cuncta nepos, rogus ante parentis
Quám friget, nati res malé-parta perit.

MY Light into a ſnuffe is almoſt turn'd,
And now the candle to ſmoaking aſhes burn'd,
Behold another Light ſtands ready by,
Which to enjoy my place will make me dye.
Yet not unpuniſh'd it puts out my breath,
My very aſhes doe revenge my death.
¶ So doth the ſonne his Father make away,
If not with ſword, with griefe, before his day,
That he his Fathers goods and meanes may joy,
Which *Nemeſis* revenging doth convoy.
For oft the ſpendthrifts goods ſo evill gotten
Are ſpent before his Fathers bones are rotten.

Atratum,

Signum eſt Luxiſſe.

It is a token that I ſhined.

46.

A Tratum quicunq; videt fuligine fungum,
Sentiet ille meum consenuisse jubar.
Teda coruscanti flagrabat lumine quondam;
Luminis, extincto lumine, stigma manet.
¶ Strenuus armatos domuit qui marte duelles,
Vulnera virtutis signa referre solet.
In Veneris meruit qui castris, vix trahit artus,
Membraq; tabificâ debilitata lue.
Discipuli vultus macri, insaniq; gulonis
Pinguis aqualiculus symbolica esse solent.
Seu virtus fuerit, vitium seu ignobile, tanquam
Sorex, indicio paret utrumq; suo.

WHo so beholds this smoaky snuffe of mine,
He must needs thinke that sometime I did shine;
But now my Light is gone, my glory's darke,
Onely of light I have the brand and marke.
¶ Who for his Country hath with valour stood,
His wounds doe shew, that he hath spent his blood:
In *Venus* training who hath beene practised,
Some token he beares of what he exercised.
The Schollars badge, are sallow lookes and blanch,
The gluttons is the fatnesse of his panch.
Vertue and vice doth leave some token behind,
Which of themselves doe put us still in minde;

Exiguo melius.

Better with a little.

47.

VIs olei nimia extinguit, moderata q; nutrit;
Quod fovet, hoc nimium quando erit, exanimat.
Diluviis fœcundus ager sterilescit aquarum,
At modico lætas educat imbre comas
Deliciæ enervant animum, corpusq; salivâ
Torquent; est modicæ gratia multa dapis:
Vivitur in Micâ melius quam in Apolline, possis
Vt sanâ, in sano corpore, mente frui.

MY Light is best maintain'd with little Oyle,
Too much of that which feeds me, doth me spoile.
Deluge o fwaters drownes the fertile ground,
Soft dropping raines makes it with grasse abound:
Riot in cheere the body kils and minde,
The meanest fare, the best for both we finde:
Rather in Mica than Apollo dine,
If thou wouldst wit and health still to be thine.

Turba

Qui malè facit odit lucem.

An evill-doer hateth Light.

48.

TVrba latrociniis graſſans dum perforat ædes,
Noxiaq; in tenebris furta Latere putat.
Lux mea per vitreas ſimul eſt conſpecta feneſtras,
Terret, & hos trepidam cogit inire fugam.
Lux inviſa malis, quia cæcas prodere fraudes,
Fædare & latebras inſidiaſque poteſt.
¶ Tempus erat, cœcis tenebris quo merſa jacebant
Omnia, terrigenis nec fuit ulla dies.
Tunc graſſabatur caco-dæmon tecta frequentans,
Pectoris atque domus incola ſæpe fuit.
At poſtquam Eois lux Chriſti affulſit ab oris.
Pan magnus tandem fugit ab orbe Deus.

WHilſt theeves doe digge at middle of the night,
Working the workes of darkneſſe, not of Light;
No ſooner through the windowv they me ſpy
But they affrighted turne their backes and fly.
This Light ill-doers no wayes can abide,
Simply revealing, what they falſely hide.
¶ There was a time when all in darkeneſſe lay,
When mortals had a naturall night, no day;
Then Satan that arch-theefe did range abroad,
Seeking in hearts and houſes his aboad;
But ſince that Chriſts bright Starre hath ſhewne his Light,
Great Pan is dead, the Devill is put to flight.

Luceo & Lateo,

I lurke and ſhine.

49.

Debebat rapidis mea lux ludibria ventis,
Obvia ſoricibus prædaq; ſumen erat.
Tunica ſed poſtquam terſi pellucida cornu
Munivit, lateo & luceo tecta magis.
Lux, adamas veluti, interno ſplendore coruſcat,
Externo injuriam robore ferre poteſt.
¶ Splendida nobilitas fortunæ obnoxia telo eſt,
Eximiumq; petit livida turba decus.
Splendorem pietas ut murus aheneus ambit,
Gloria virtutumque ægide tecta nitet.
Sic vitæ quaſcunque ciet ſors dira procellas,
Illa tamen lucens ſub probitate latet.

BEfore my Light was to the winds a ſcorne,
My body likewiſe ſubject to be torne;
Now for a ſafeguard I this lanterne have,
So whilſt I ſhine from wrong it doth me ſave;
Even as the Diamond his light forth ſends,
And with his hardneſſe ſtill himſelfe defends.
¶ Honour is ſubject to unconſtant chance,
Nor can it without envy't ſelfe advance:
Vertue to honour is a braſen wall,
Guarded with which, it is not hurt at all;
And how ſo ever Fortun's ſtormes doe blow,
Yet Glory lurking thus, his light can ſhow.

Si tu foris, Ego domi.

If thou abroad, I at home.

50.

CErea fax temnit Borealis flamina venti,
Apta procelloſi nubila ferre poli.
Demonſtratque vias tempeſtæ noctis in umbris,
Et nitidum gelido ſub Iove lumen habet.
Deſidet at candela domi, luſtratque penates,
A debacchantis verbere tuta noti.
Gaudia deliciæque laris penetralia ſervat:
Ambulat illa foris, hæc latet uſq; domi.
¶ Splendida ſic vegetus linquit ſua tecta maritus
Sub gelido gaudens munia obire dio.
Perque maris currit ſcopulos, cœlique procellas
Augeat ut tenuem ſedulitate penum.
Vxor caſta domi manet, & teſtudinis inſtar
Eſt domiporta, ſui & ſplendida cura laris.
Vt ſubit errorum diſcrimina fortis Vlyſſes;
Penelope curam geſtit habere domus.

THis waxen torch is able to endure
The winds, when Æolus puts them in ure,
It leads the way in darkneſſe of the night,
And, though the ſerene fall, it ſhewes his Light:
The candle ſtill lurks at home, and there doth ſhow
Its light, not caring how the winds doe blow,
This as the houſes joy at home doth ſtay,
The other ſtill abroad doth make his way.
¶ The hardy husband from his houſe goes forth
Seeking to compaſſe buſineſſe of worth;
He ſailes by rockes and ſands, earely and late
He toiles, and ſeekes to purchaſe an eſtate:
The wife at home much like a ſnarle ſhe ſits
On houſ-wifry employing all her wits:
Vlyſſes in his travels hard did ſhift,
Penelope at home did uſe her thrift.

Sic pio perij officio.

So I am undon by doing good

51.

VNdique laternam circa graſſantibus Euris,
Debuerat tutum delituiſſe jubar.
Importuna nocet pietas, male provida lucem
Perdit, dum lucem fœnerat illa ſuam.
¶ Si hoſtis habet muros, tunc ne pandatur amico
Porta, feret damnum ſic malè cautus amor.
Hoſtibus accedat ſi concomitatus amicus,
Neglige, vicini eſt vis metuenda mali.
Eſſe pius ſi vis, omnes circumſpice caſus,
Damnoſâ ne ſis impietate pius.

WHilſt ſtormy winds about the Lanterne rage,
The light ought to have lurked in his cage;
Vntimely love undoes him while he lends
His Light, loe how his harmeleſſe life he ſpends.
¶ When troops of enemies beſiege the wall,
For feare of hurt, ſhut gates, though friends doe call.
If that a friend accompanyed with a foe
Doth come, feare neighbour danger, let him goe.
If thou lov'ſt to be charitable, doe
So good to others, that it hurt not you.

Hac tantum patui.

I lay open here onely.

52.

PRæbuit una viam morti jam rima dehiſcens
Dum malè per parvum flabra foramen eunt,
Irruit inſanus Boreas, perimitq; latentem,
Ad diram rima eſt area lata necem.
¶ Vna ſaburratam mergit fiſſura carinam,
Tædaq; magnificas deſtruit una domos.
Vnius & morbi contagia dira ſalutem
Perdunt, atq; uno vulnere vita cadit.
Vnica peccati labes ſic perdere corpus
Atq; animam æternâ mergere nocte poteſt.
Ergo quod eſt vnum & parvum, ne temne periclum;
Sæpius eſt magni cauſa puſilla mali,

THis little riſt and chap workes all my woe,
Whilſt thorow it fierce *Boreas* doth blow:
A creviſe is a City gate to death,
Who ſtill in ambuſh ſeekes to ſtop our breath:
¶ A little chinke doth drowne the loaded barke,
A ſtately houſe is burned with a ſparke;
And one diſeaſe doth this our health annoy,
One wound our life is able to deſtroy:
One Sinne can Soule and Body overthrow
Into the hell, and darkeneſſe thats below.
Doe not a danger which is meane deſpiſe;
From meaneſt cauſes greateſt evils ariſe.

Vnica

Fata viam inveniunt.

Death finds the way.

53.

Nica rima fuit; Borealis flamina venti
Quo poterant solo mî nocuere modo.
¶ Pectore vulneribus patuit quà scutiger Heros,
Hectoreus lethi hoc repperit ensis iter.
Planta pedis fuit Æacidæ penetrabilis, inq; hanc
Fœmineam Paridis rexit Apollo manum.
Hostis ab insidiis veluti, mors obsidet omnes,
Agmina, quâ murus parte laborat, habet.
Stiria sive gelu fuerit, seu musca, vel undæ
Guttula, Londini littera sive necet.
Mille artes callet mors insidiosa necandi,
Vel facit, aut factam repperit illa viam.

ONe chinke there was and not another way
For *Boreas*, his fury to essay;
So *Hectors* fatall gift *Aias* confounded,
And stob'd him where he onely could be wounded;
Apollo so directed *Paris* dart
To wound *Achilles* foote, and kill his heart.
¶ Death lies in ambush like an enemy,
And brasheth where our sconces weakest be.
Whether an icecle or drop of water,
Or gnat, or *Londons* Scholler-killing letter.
A thousand trickes we see of cunning death;
He makes or finds a way to stop our breath.

Herostrati fax.

Herostratus his Light.

54.

QVid miser humano non dignus nomine tentas?
Ne sacram famæ destrue amore domum;
Ethnica nam quamvis pietas hanc condidit Ædem;
Hæc tamen insanâ non temeranda manu est;
Nulla placet Cœlo impietas; persæpe profani
Gentiles pœnas demeruere graves;
Delphica sit testis vindicta, aurumque Tolosæ,
Testis arenosi sævior ira Dei:
Est tua non flammæ impietas, quæ nata fovere,
Et lucere, sacris nata adolere Deis.
Tam sanctum, innocuumque nihil Natura creavit,
Causanti quod non impietate nocet.

AH wretch unworthy of thy infamous name,
Burne not this sacred Church, to raise thy fame:
For though twas built by Heath'ns impiety,
Yet ought it not be thus destroy'd by thee:
Trust me impiety every where is nought,
And Heath'ns their heathen profaneneſſe dearely bought:
Let Tolose gold, and Delphus robbery,
And Hammons sandy ire this testifie:
It's thine, not my default, for I was made
For sacrifice, and to make Creatures glad.
Nothing so harmeleſſe and so good can be,
Which may not hurt, by mans impiety.

Virginum Lampas.

The Virgins Lampe.

55.

ECce venit ſponſus, quâ non ſperatur in horâ,
Adventuſque poteſt diſcere nemo diem;
Scilicet ut furvis nocturnus latro tenebris;
Sic veniet, judex & paranymphus erit.
Seraphica ex omni reſonabit cardine mundi
Buccina, tunc nubes clara tribunal erit.
Corpora ſanctorum, pravorum corpora ſurgent,
Atque animæ reduces in ſua membra fluent.
Tunc cui Palladio ſaturata eſt munere Lampas,
Salvificamq; dedit Gratia vera fidem;
Cum Chriſto ſcandet Cœlos, ducetque triumphum
Inter Cœlicolos aligeroſque choros;
Sed cui non ullâ pingueſcit Lampas Olivâ,
Cujus & in duro pectore nulla fides;
Tartareos illum Chriſtus relegabit ad ignes,
In quibus eſt ſtridens & ſine fine dolor.

BEhold the Bridegroome comes, he takes his way.
Nor Man, nor Angell knowes the houre or day;
He ſaies, he'le come, much like a theefe in night,
To judge the world with equity and right;
Angels ſhall charge with trumpets ſounding cleare,
And Chriſt as Iudge ſhall in the clouds appeare;
The righteous & the wicked ſhall ariſe,
Bodies and Soules, to paſſe upon that ſize;
He who the oyle of preparation hath,
Whom Chriſt ſhall find furniſh'd with ſaving faith,
Shall with the bleſſed Bridegroome mount on hie,
Mongſt Seraphimes triumphing glorioufly;
But he who hath no oyle, nor faith at all,
Heavens dreadfull Iudge ſhall that man curſed call,
And baniſh him into the pit of hell,
Where with the fiends for ever he muſt dwell.

Quali-

In imo minimum & peſsimum.

At the bottom both leaſt & worſt

56.

QValia flammigenæ quum fervida munera Bacchi
Dolii in angusto carcere clausa Latent;
Quamdiu summa cado promuntur vina, palato
Et melius sapiunt, uberiusq; fluunt;
Ast ubi perventum est tetræ ad confinia fæcis,
Et minima in fundo, & pessima vina latent:
Talia & accensæ splendent incendia tædæ;
Æquali haud semper lumine flamma nitet:
Teda recens accensa, magisq; & clarius ardet,
Et facula est pleno lumine pulchra magis;
Ast ubi decrevit moribundi ad tædia fungi,
Hic olet, est cæcæ luxq; maligna facis.
Vinum, & fax vita est, primisquæ floret in annis,
Et viget, & genio nobiliore calet;
Sed simul effætæ sentiscir damma senectæ,
Dant nobis pauci tædia multa dies.

MVch like as wine the nurse of Poets veine,
When prison-like the caske doth it conteine;
Farre from the bottome while you draw the wine,
You will it find more plenteous and more fine;
But when you come to dreg, no wine abounds,
Both least and worst remaineth in the grounds:
Such like the shining of a candle we see,
Which kindled once burnes not still equally;
At first it giv's greater and clearer light,
And is more pleasant both to smell and sight;
But when it comes to snuffe and even spent,
It shineth lesse, and gives a filthy sent.
The candle & wine's our life, which, in its prime,
Doth flourish more, and hath more hope of time;
But when with mustie age our life decayes,
Then many sorrowes have we, and few dayes.

Te lux mea fallit.

My light eſcapes thee.

57.

WHen first my light did shine, you lik'd me well.
Now that is gone; you hate my loathsome smell;
You with prolongers made me live, and art
Preserv'd my light; but now *Time* acts his part,
Triumphant *Time*, shewes now my glasse is runne,
(What way God knowes) I finde my threed is spunne;
Envy hath playd its part, and I doe goe
To Coffin: as I doe, all must doe so.
Time breaths a shrewd and life-bereaving blast,
Yet upward flyes my light, where it shall last.
I'me glad to part from body, which I lov'd
So deere, that many wayes and arts I prov'd
The mudwall to maintaine, and body save,
But yet in spight of me t'will go to grave.
This is my comfort, *Body*, that thy tombe
Which is thy grave, shall be thy mothers wombe
To bring thee once againe unto the light,
And life, which death shall never know, or night:
Then be content, though you and I depart:
Yet *Soule* and *Body* still shall have one heart.

Vale.

Farewell.

58.

Æ Thereâ de ſede fuit, petit æthera rurſum,
Et quicquid Terræ eſt, flamma valere jubet.
In cineres fungus, fumus vaneſcit in auras,
Candelæq; decus, quod fuit ante, perit.
Mors ſimul Humanæ diſrupit ſtamina vitæ,
Cœlum anima, & tumulum putria membra petunt;
Divitiiſq; valere jubet, faſtidit honores,
Aſtra ſuper, patrios expetit illa lares.
Diſcite mortales miſeræ contemnere ſortis
Munera, quæ tandem reiicienda animæ;
Diſcite Cæleſtes animarum poſcere dotes;
Quærite quæ ſurſum vos comitentur opes.

FLame goes to heav'n, from whence it once did come,
Bids earth adue, and what it hath therefrom.
The ſnuffe to aſhes, ſmoake turnes into ayre;
Lights beauty's gone, which ſometime was ſo faire:
When death hath giv'n his laſt and fatall blow,
Our ſoule to Heaven, our Earth to earth doth goe;
Riches and honours, which it once did love,
The Soule now lothes; and ſeekes to dwell above.
Learne Mortals, all falſe pleaſures to contemne,
And treaſures, which the ſoule muſt once condemne:
Seeke rather for the graces of the minde,
Which you your convoy to the Heaven will finde.

Surſum corda.

FINIS.

Study me in thy Prime

The Glasse doth Runne, and Time doth Go,

Death hath his End, I have not so.

Bury Death and weary Time.

Collated

Kalendarium:

leaf before title mounted

leaves stained at bottom

Lychnocaucia:

engraved title stained at bottom

last leaf Repaired.